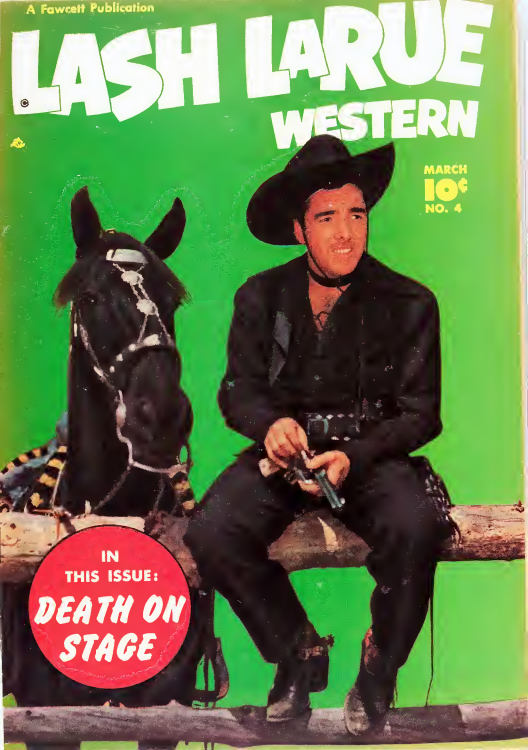


A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

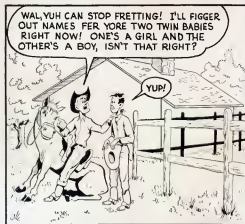
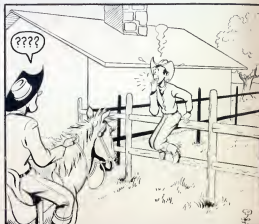
WESTERN

MARCH
10¢
NO. 4



IN
THIS ISSUE:

**DEATH ON
STAGE**



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

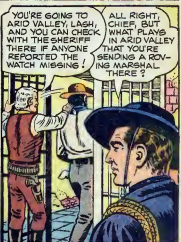
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



LASH LARUE WESTERN, March, 1950, Vol. 1, No. 4, published bi-monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter April 25, 1949, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1949 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Pl., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions and Canada, Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order, U. S. funds. Printed in U. S. A.





PLENTY! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS AD! COMPLAINTS ABOUT IT HAVE BEEN POURING IN FROM EVERYWHERE!

IT SEEMS THAT A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE SENT IN MONEY TO BUY THIS CURE, BUT GOT NOTHING IN RETURN!

YOU MEAN YOU THINK THIS ROY MASSEY IN ARID VALLEY IS PULLING A FRAUD?

I'M POSITIVE OF IT! WHEN THE FIRST COMPLAINTS CAME IN, I ASSIGNED MARSHAL SAM STOUT TO THE CASE! I JUST GOT WORD THAT HE WAS FOUND DEAD IN ARID VALLEY!

DEAD?



YES! MY HUNCH IS MASSEY, WHOEVER HE IS, MUST HAVE GOT WISE THAT SAM WAS CLOSING IN ON HIM SO HE KILLED THE MARSHAL! YOU'RE DEALING WITH A KILLER, LASH, SO BE CAREFUL!

I WILL, CHIEF! LET'S GO, BLACK DIAMOND!



MEANWHILE, AT THE BAR THICK'N THIN RANCH IN ARID VALLEY ---

--- BUT I TOLD YOU, MR. CASON, AFTER I PICKED UP YOUR WATCH, FROM THE REPAIR SHOP I STOPPED THE GENERAL STORE TO ORDER SOME GRUB FOR THE RANCH! WHEN I CAME OUT THE WATCH WAS GONE! SOMEONE MUST HAVE PICKED MY POCKET WHILE I WAS INSIDE!

THAT'S A LIKELY STORY, BURT MEADE! YUH PROBABLY STOLE IT YOURSELF! I ONLY KEPT YUH ON HERE BECAUSE MY NEECE INSISTED!



THERE'S NO WAY TO PROVE WHAT I THINK, SO I CAN'T MAKE THE SHERIFF LOCK YUH UP, BUT I CAN DO THE NEXT BEST THING! YORE FIRED! GATHER YORE BELONGINGS TOGETHER AND GET OFF THIS HYAR RANCH, PRONTO!

BUT, UNCLE, TOM, THAT'S NOT FAIR! BURT WOULDN'T STEAL A PENNY, LET ALONE A DIAMOND WATCH!



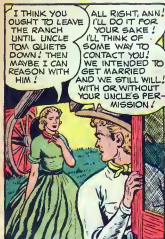
QUIET, ANN! I KNOW A BAD CHARACTER WHEN I SEE ONE! I DON'T WANT YUH EVER TO SEE HIM AGAIN! AND IF HE TRIES TO WRITE TO YUH, I'LL RIP UP ALL THE LETTERS!



IF HE WASN'T YOUR UNCLE, I WOULDN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH CALLING ME A ROBBER SO EASILY!

PLEASE, BURT! DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH! IT'D ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE!





I THINK YOU OUGHT TO LEAVE THE RANCH UNTIL QUIETS DOWN! THEN MAYBE I CAN REASON WITH HIM!

ALL RIGHT, ANN! I'LL DO IT FOR YOUR SAKE! I'LL THINK OF SOME WAY TO CONTACT YOU! WE INTENDED TO GET MARRIED AND WE STILL WILL! WITH OR WITHOUT YOUR UNCLE'S PERMISSION!



MEANWHILE, AT THE ARID VALLEY POST OFFICE ---

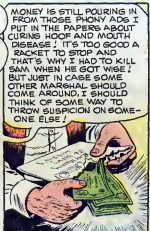
WHEN THAT MARSHAL, SAM STOUT, FIRST CAME IN HYAR ASKING ME WHERE HE COULD FIND ROY MASSEY, I MADE MY MISTAKE IN SAYING I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!



SINCE THIS IS A ONE MAN POST OFFICE, IT'S ONLY NATURAL I WOULD KNOW EVERYONE WHO HAS A POST OFFICE BOX HYAR! IT'S NO WONDER HE BECAME SUSPICIOUS THAT I WAS REALLY ROY MASSEY, ESPECIALLY WHEN HE WENT OVER THE RECORDS AND FOUND NO POST OFFICE BOX 611!



AFTER ALL WHO ELSE BUT ME, IN THIS TOWN COULD HAVE LETTERS WRITTEN TO A FICTITIOUS NAME WITH NO REAL POST OFFICE BOX REGISTERED AND STILL GET HIS MAIL!

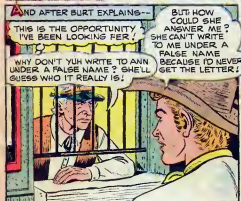


MONEY IS STILL POURING IN FROM THOSE PHONY ADS I PUT IN THE PAPERS ABOUT CURING HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE! IT'S TOO GOOD A RACKET TO STOP AND THAT'S WHY I HAD TO KILL SAM WHEN HE GOT WISE! BUT JUST IN CASE SOME OTHER MARSHAL SHOULD COME AROUND, I SHOULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO THROW SUSPICION ON SOMEONE ELSE!



AT THAT MOMENT--
IS THERE ANY MAIL FOR ME, CLIFF?

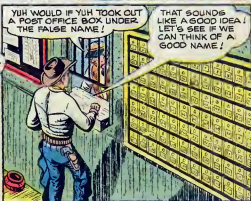
NO, BURT! BUT WHAT MAKES YUH SO SAD?



AND AFTER BURT EXPLAINING--
THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

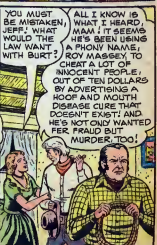
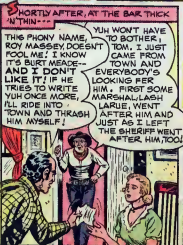
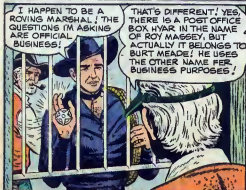
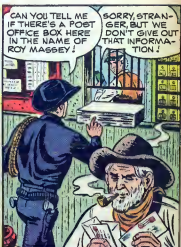
WHY DON'T YUH WRITE TO ANN UNDER A FALSE NAME? SHE'LL GUESS WHO IT REALLY IS!

BUT HOW COULD SHE ANSWER ME? SHE CAN'T WRITE TO ME UNDER A FALSE NAME BECAUSE I'D NEVER GET THE LETTER!



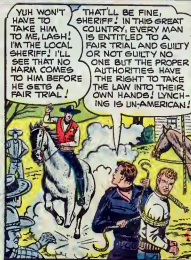
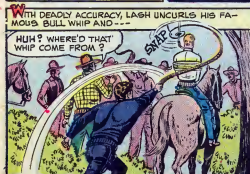
YUH WOULD IF YUH TOOK OUT A POST OFFICE BOX UNDER THE FALSE NAME!

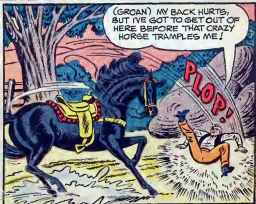
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN THINK OF A GOOD NAME!

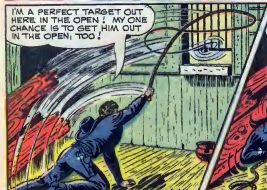




LASH LARUE WESTERN







AND THE ROVING MARSHAL GOES TO WORK ON THE MURDERER!



LATER, AT THE BAR THICK'N' THIN--

---AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE FACTS, CASON, I HOPE YOU REALIZE THAT YOU WERE ALMOST RESPONSIBLE FOR LYNNING AN INNOCENT MAN! IF I HADN'T INTERFERED, YOU'D BE A MURDERER!

I REALIZE HOW WRONG I WAS TO TAKE THE LAW INTO MY OWN HANDS AND YOU CAN REST ASSURED, I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!

BUT WHILE YUH PROVED MEADE WASN'T A MURDERER, I STILL THINK HE STOLE MY WATCH AND I DON'T WANT HIM AROUND!

STOLE YOUR WATCH? IT WASN'T A DIAMOND WATCH WITH THE INITIALS "TC" ON IT BY ANY CHANCE?

IT WAS, BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I LOCKED UP A CROOK IN LARADO THE OTHER DAY WHO HAD THAT WATCH ON HIM. HE SAID HE PICKED IT OUT OF A COWPOKE'S POCKET IN THE GENERAL STORE IN THIS TOWN!



I GUESS I OWE YOU ANOTHER APOLOGY, BURT! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN EVER FORGIVE ME?

GO AHEAD, BURT---FOR MY SAKE!

YOU WON'T REGRET THIS, BURT! AS SOON AS YOU AND ANN ARE MARRIED, I'M MAKING YOU A FULL-FLEDGED PARTNER ON THE RANCH!

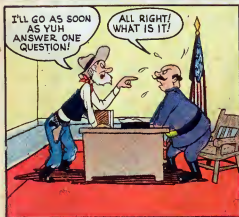
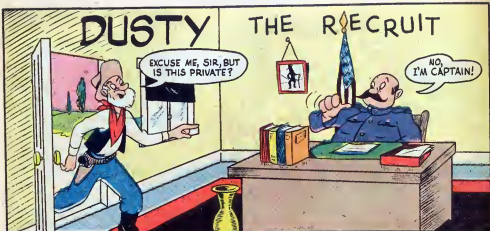
LET'S GO, BLACK DIAMOND--

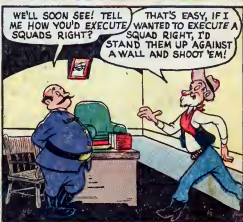
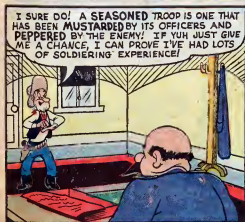
---I DON'T THINK WE'RE NEEDED AROUND HERE ANYMORE!



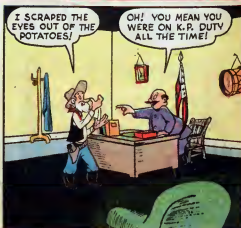
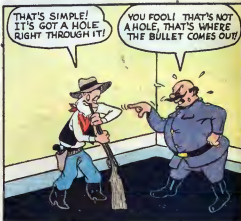
DUSTY

THE RECRUIT

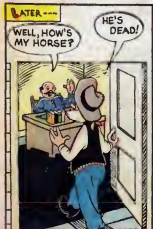
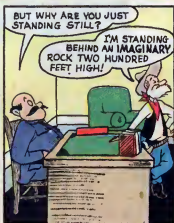
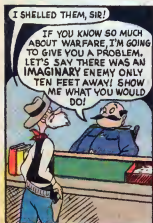
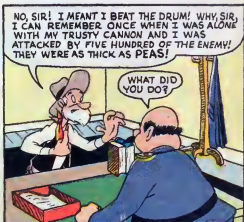
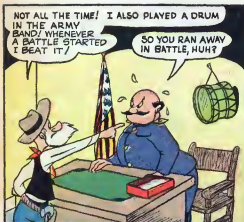




LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN





LATE ONE NIGHT AT THE MONTADO BANK.....

YUH SAID THERE'D BE NO ONE IN THE BANK THIS LATE, GUFF! I DIDN'T THINK THERE'D BE! PICK UP SOME PEBBLES AND TOSS THEM AT THE DOOR! WHEN THE CRITTER COMES OUT TO SEE WHAT'S CAUSING THE NOISE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

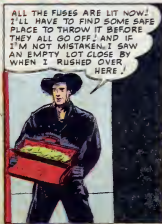
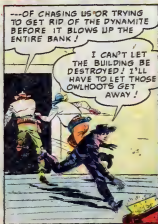
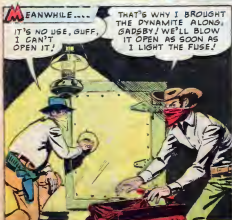
HYAR HE COMES NOW!

PING! PING!

GOOD WORK! YUH KNOCKED HIM OUT! NOW LET'S GO IN AND SEE IF WE CAN OPEN THE SAFE!

I'VE GOT A WHOLE SUITCASE FULL OF DYNAMITE TO MAKE SURE WE CAN!

CONK!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



HERE IT IS!

AND LASH DOESN'T GET RID OF THE BURNING DYNAMITE ONE SECOND TOO SOON.....

THOSE VARMINTS ARE PROBABLY TRYING TO GET OUT OF TOWN AS FAST AS POSSIBLE! I'M GOING TO GET THE SHERIFF TO ORGANIZE A POSSE TO BLOCK OFF ALL THE EXITS FROM TOWN! WE MIGHT STOP THEM YET IF WE CHECK ON EVERYONE LEAVING MONTADO!

BOOM!



SHORTLY AFTER.....

I RECKON WE'RE FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM THE BANK! WE CAN TAKE OUR MASKS OFF NOW, GADSBY!



OKAY, GUFF, BUT I OPINE WE SHOULD GET OUT OF TOWN AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

I THINK THAT LAWMAN WILL HAVE ALL THE ROADS LEADING OUT OF MONTADO BLOCKED OFF! WE'LL BE SAFER IF WE LEAVE IN THE MORNING WHEN THEY STOPPED LOOKING FER US!



THE NEXT MORNING AS THE TWO OUTLAWS START TO LEAVE MONTADO.....

LOOK AT THAT SIGN, GADSBY!

TELLER WANTED! WHAT ABOUT IT?



WHAT ABOUT IT? WHY IT JUST GAVE ME AN IDEA HOW WE CAN STILL ROB THIS BANK, ONLY WITHOUT TROUBLE THIS TIME! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS MAKE UP SOME PHONY REFERENCES ABOUT ME!



LATER, IN THE MONTADO BANK.....

---AND SINCE ONE OF MY MEN WAS HURT IN AN ATTEMPTED ROBBERY HYAR LAST NIGHT, AND WILL BE OUT FER A FEW WEEKS, I NEED A TEMPORARY TELLER TO FILL IN UNTIL HE GETS BACK!

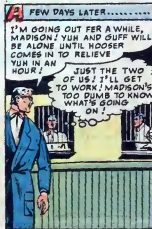
THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, MR. BILLINGS! I'M WILLING TO TAKE THE JOB EVEN IF IT IS ONLY TEMPORARY!

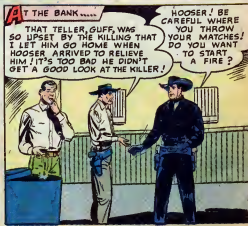
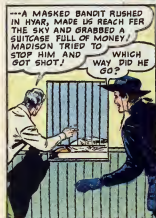


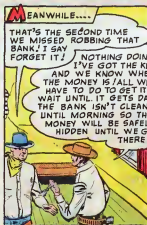
WELL, YORE REFERENCES ALL SEEM FINE, SO I RECKON THERE ISN'T ANY REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T HIRE YUH! NOW COME WITH ME, AND I'LL INTRODUCE YUH TO THE REST OF THE STAFF!



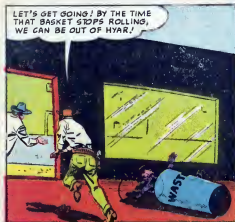
LASH LARUE WESTERN







LASH LARUE WESTERN



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**LASH
LARUE**
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
ROD CAMERON
IN
Rod Cameron
action
ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!
Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard





HOODED RIDERS



By R. R. Symes

BRADY GRANGE was merely a blue-black shadow against the rocks. He stood motionless as he heard the hoof-beats coming up the trail. His finger itched as he saw the first black-hooded horseman.

It would be so easy to mow that first-man down!

Brady felt a burning, bitter anger in his heart, that seemed to tell him it would be justice to split a bullet hole right into the middle of that first black hood.

Yet he held his fire.

Brady was 18 and he remembered the teachings of his father—proud, courageous Jethro Grange. Before young Brady had even been able to walk, his father had impressed on him that nobody but a snivelling coward would ever dry gulch a man, no matter what the reason.

So Brady froze against the rocks, and let the leader of the masked riders pass below him without interference. That man passing below him may have been the murderer of his father. But Brady intended to live as his father had taught him—by law and justice! He would find out who killed his father and that man would face the court. That was democracy. Even in the lawless West, old Jethro Grange had been a great believer in democracy, and young Brady meant to carry on. Unless something snapped! Unless they pressed him too far and he went hog-wild.

Silently he watched he hooded men riding by below. They were in no hurry. One, two, three horsemen filed by.

They had time. Their victim, whoever he might be this night, was the one who should be hurrying.

Brady counted them.

Four, five, six.

The important thing about his plan was that he must hold himself back, not make his move until just the right moment—the very split-

second of the right moment.

While Brady waited, hearing the hoofs, counting the men, a small portion of the past flashed before him. It was a portion he would never forget. It was branded on his brain with an iron that still seared. He remembered the hooded men, there were thirteen, who had ridden up to his father's ranch.

They had given his father the final warning. They had told old Jethro Grange that he must order the nesters off his range.

Old Jethro had tossed his head, his white hair flashing in the moonlight. He had responded, "Gentlemen, the United States government has given these farmers, nesters as you call them, permission to raise their crops in this territory. The U. S. government is my government and yours. Who are we to turn against it?"

Without a word, the masked men had converged on Old Jethro.

When young Brady tried desperately to intervene, he was brutally slugged from behind.

He had regained consciousness in time to see his father being beaten with a blacksnake whip. A whip-knot had caught Jethro in the temple. He staggered and never rose again.

THERE had been an investigation. The U. S. Circuit judge was more than ready to right this wrong. But Brady had had to admit he couldn't identify any of his father's assailants. "They were all hooded," he said.

The judge looked sad, but powerless. Nobody can identify a hooded man.

Everybody respected old Jethro, but the hooded band was not without supporters. Many ranchers hated the nesters and felt that old Jethro was foolish to encourage them, no matter what the law said. Even young Grange wondered about this. All his life he had heard that nesters were a menace to the West. But he was willing to take his father's word that

democracy was the main thing, and all else a side issue.

All this flashed through his mind as twelve riders passed.

For the thirteenth he had special treatment. Brady dived from his hiding place in the rocks. His steel-like arms encircled the hood.

They crashed to earth with a thud, but there was no outcry. Brady counted on the clatter of hoofs to drown out the noise of the fall. His fist crashed against the face of the hood. There was a brief gasp and the man sagged. Working swiftly, he donned the hood and cloak, and mounted the horse that had waited for its master. Then Brady rode swiftly to overtake the hooded band.

He moved right into their meeting place, a cleft in the rocks, near a waterfall. Being hooded, like the rest, he was accepted.

The leader of the hooded terrorists was speaking.

"Old Jethro threw his weight around quite a bit. Standing up for the nesters like he did, caused some of the other ranchers to wonder if maybe the nesters weren't all right. We've got to get rid of everybody who thinks that way. If we can start a real, first-class war between the ranchers and the nesters, we can move in. We can take charge of this territory after they kill each other off. We'll all be rich."

Somebody asked, "What if the hombre we're after tonight stands up to us the way Jethro did?"

"Then I'll kill him off the way I killed old Jethro," sneered the leader.

The burning fire inside Brady Grange exploded. He could no longer control himself, no longer go along according to plan. He lunged forward, gun in hand, ripped the mask off the leader, and planted his fist squarely on the leader's jaw. It was a kayo. But he still had eleven other men to deal with.

However, surprise was on his side—the men were confused and nervous with their leader down.

Brady raced down the front row, ripping off five masks, one after the other.

"**H**AH!" he cried. You witnesses are unmasked. Clancy! Brown! Whithers! Savage! Wellington! I know you! Kill me, but there are six others who know you! You'll never be able to draw a safe breath again!"

The leader sprang from the ground, but Brady was ready with a swift one-two. The hooded figure went down in a heap.

"Your leader is down and out!" exclaimed Brady. "He's the one who killed my father. I don't know anything against the rest of you. Unmask and give up before I shoot the lot of you!"

His voice carried conviction. Anyone who had heard it might have said it sounded a whole lot like the voice of old Jethro Grange.

Hoods were ripped free and there were cries of, "I give up!" "I never liked this idea much in the first place!" "I was forced into this . . ."

A United States marshal took the whole batch into custody. All were given sentences commensurate with their crimes. The leader was given the supreme penalty for the killing of Jethro Grange.

After justice was done, the wives of quite a number of nesters came up to Brady Grange with tears in their eyes, and thanked him for what he had done. The boy said, quite truthfully, "I was raised in the West. I never thought much of nesters, either. Now I see it a little differently. The country is big enough for all of us and we've got to live according to the laws—or we won't live at all!"

THE next time the U. S. Circuit judge came through the territory he asked to see "the boy who cleaned up the terrorists single-handed." As he shook hands with the young hero, the judge said, "Son, with citizens like you, this county need never fear for its future!"

"Thank you, sir," responded Brady, "but my father is really the fellow who should be shaking your hand."

"He knows," responded the judge quietly. "And he's mighty proud!"

THE END

Lash LARUE

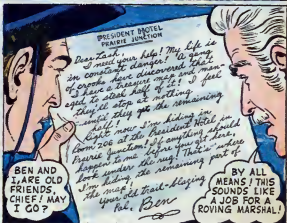
in **DEATH on the STAGE**

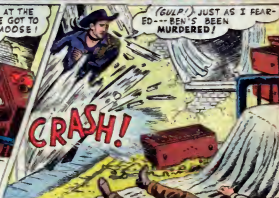
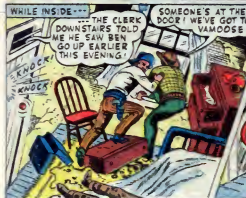
AS A ROVING MARSHAL WHOSE IDENTITY FOR THE MOST PART IS UNKNOWN, LASH LARUE IS CALLED UPON TO PLAY MANY STRANGE PARTS IN HIS UNENDING BATTLE AGAINST OUTLAWS. BUT NONE OF THE PARTS WERE AS STRANGE OR AS DANGEROUS AS THE ONE HE HAS TO PLAY IN "DEATH ON THE STAGE"



AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

THIS NOTE CAME FOR YOU, LASH! FOR ME? LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS!







THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE PRAIRIE GULCH OPERA HOUSE---

YOU FOOLS BUNGLED THE JOB! NOW THAT LASH LARUE'S GOT THE MAP, WE'LL NEVER GET IT!

THE LAST DRUM STARRING THE GREAT WARRIOR LASH LARUE! SPECIAL ALL-PREMIERE NIGHT CHARTER!



CORRECT! BUT HOW'S THAT GOING TO HELP US GET THE MAP?

WHY DON'T YUH SEE IF YUH CAN TALK LARUE INTO ACTING THE PART OF THE WHIP FER THAT ONE PERFORMANCE?



NOW I SEE WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT! IT SHOULD WORK AT THAT! I'LL GO FIND LARUE IMMEDIATELY!



SHORTLY AFTER--- WELL, SINCE IT'S FOR CHARITY, I'M WILLING TO ACT IN YOUR PLAY FOR THAT ONE PERFORMANCE, MR. BETH!



NOW LET'S GET OVER TO THE OPERA HOUSE AND START REHEARSING! IT'S ONLY TWO DAYS TILL SATURDAY!



SINCE I'VE GOT TO WAIT AROUND TILL THOSE VARMINTS TRY TO STEAL THE MAP FROM ME, I RECKON THIS IS A GOOD WAY TO PASS THE TIME! BESIDES I'LL BE HELPING A WORTHY CHARITY!





SHORTLY AFTER ---

HEY! THIS ISN'T YORE DRESSING ROOM, MAC BETH! IT'S BILL BROWN'S, THE HOMBRE WHO PLAYS THE GAMBLER!

I KNOW THAT!



---AND THERE'S THE GUN HE USES TO SHOOT LASH AT THE END OF THE ACT! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SUBSTITUTE REAL BULLETS FOR THE BLANKS!

YUH MEAN WHEN BROWN SHOTS HIM IN THE PLAY, HE'LL ACTUALLY KILL HIM?



CORRECT, HEDSTRONG! AND AS SOON AS BROWN RUSHES OFF STAGE AS HIS PART CALLS FOR, WE'LL RUSH ON AND GRAB THE OTHER HALF OF THE MAP OUT OF LASH'S POCKET BEFORE ANYONE DISCOVERS THAT HE'S REALLY DEAD!

AND WHEN THEY DO, THEY'LL BLAME THE MURDER ON BROWN!



NOW LET'S GET OUT OF THE THEATRE BEFORE ANYONE COMES BACK AND STARTS WONDERING WHY WE WERE HANGING AROUND!



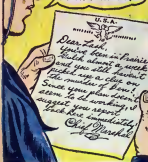
AT THE SAME TIME ---

THIS LETTER JUST CAME FOR YOU, LASH!

THANKS! I SEE IT'S FROM THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE. I'D BETTER OPEN IT IMMEDIATELY!



OH, OH! IT SOUNDS AS IF THE OLD BOY'S ANGRY! I'D BETTER HEAD RIGHT BACK, BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO TELL MAC BETH THAT I CAN'T PERFORM TONIGHT!



BUT WHEN LASH REACHES THE THEATRE ---

SHUCKS! NO ONE'S AROUND! SINCE I CAN'T WAIT, I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE A NOTE FOR MAC, MAYBE I CAN FIND A PIECE OF PAPER TO WRITE ON IN THE WASTE BASKET!



WHAT'S THIS?



WHY, THIS IS PART OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH BEN KEPT HIS MAP! THIS SHOULD MEAN THAT SOMEONE IN THIS THEATRE HAS THE MISSING SECTION AND IS THE KILLER I'M LOOKING FOR!



---BUT THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE IN THE CAST, IT'D BE HARD TO GUESS WHICH ONE! THE GUILTY PARTY IS PROBABLY COUNTING ON CATCHING ME OFF GUARD AND THEN STEALING THE MAP! IT LOOKS AS IF I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH MY PART TONIGHT, IF I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO THE VARMINT IS!



LASH FITS HIS HALF OF THE MISSING ENVELOPE TOGETHER WITH THE ONE HE FOUND AND DISCOVERS THEY MATCH!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE PLAY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN---



DON'T WORRY, LASH! EVERYONE GETS STAGE FRIGHT WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP! BUT AS SOON AS YOU SPEAK YOUR FIRST LINE, YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT BEING NERVOUS!



LASH GIVES A FINE PERFORMANCE! FINALLY, THE CLIMAX IS REACHED--



WOW! THAT SURE WAS EXCITING!



MEANWHILE, BACK STAGE---

NOW TO GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS BEFORE ANYONE DISCOVERS THAT LASH IS REALLY DEAD!



SO YOU'RE THE GUILTY PARTY!

(GULP!) BUT I THOUGHT--- ER--



YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD! BUT SINCE I DIDN'T KNOW WHO THE KILLER WAS, I DIDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! THE REASON I KNOCKED BROWN'S GUN DOWN BEFORE GOING ON STAGE---



--- WAS BECAUSE I FIGURED THAT THE EASIEST WAY FOR THE KILLER TO GET RID OF ME WAS BY SUBSTITUTING REAL BULLETS FOR THE BLANKS! ALL I DID WAS TO SUBSTITUTE BLANKS FOR THE REAL BULLETS! YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS, MAC BETH, WHERE'S THE OTHER HALF OF THE TREASURE MAP?



BUT AT THAT SECOND---

I FIGURED THAT SAND BAG WOULD TAKE CARE OF HIM!



GOOD WORK! NOW LET'S GET THE MISSING PART OF THE MAP OUT OF HIS POCKET AND VAMOOSE!

BUT AS THE VILLAINS RUSH OFF WITH THE MISSING PART OF THE MAP---

(GULP!) I KNOCKED OVER THE PAIL!

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE! LET'S GO!



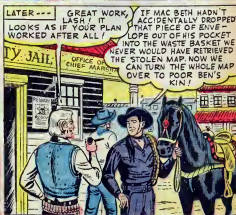
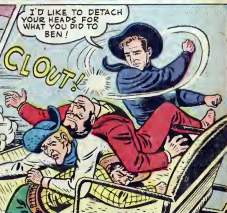
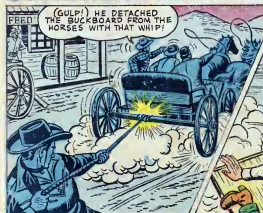
BUT IT MAKES A BIG DIFFERENCE BECAUSE THE PAIL OF WATER OVERTURNS ON THE UNCONSCIOUS LASH---



AND IT REVIVES HIM---

OH, MY HEAD! BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO THINK OF THAT!

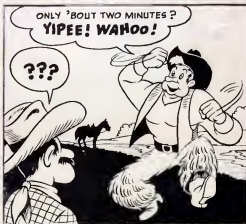
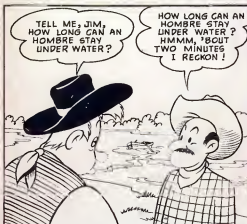
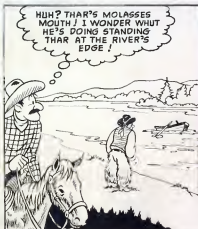




MOLASSES MOUTH



THE RECORD BREAKER





LASH LARUE AND HIS HORSE BLACK DIAMOND

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THE TEEN TITANS

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